

# St. Joseph's Collegian.

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Vol. XII.

Rensselaer, Ind., June 1906.

No. 5.

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## Poetry.

TRUE poetry is truth with silver tongue  
And soars aloft on fairy's airy wings;  
Bright nature's sweetest praise it ever sings;  
Its beauties ever new and ever young.  
From out the soul's bright fancy it has sprung;  
And 'round its graceful form a mantle flings,  
And for love's altar plucks and freely brings  
The gems that on the heart-chords long have hung.

Such tongue the flowers of nature ever molds;  
These wings the soul to ecstasy hath borne;  
Its beauties other beauties oft have found.  
This garb the deeds of bravery unfolds;  
These gems the nation's greatest flights adorn;  
In this the praise to King of kings resound.

D. L. FAUROT, '08.



## Valedictory.

WHEN the class 1906 first registered at St. Joseph's College, I do not think there were any who had this Commencement in their mind's eye. All thought that six long years stared us in the face, and so this thought never troubled us; or if it did, it was only in connection with the graduation of others. Suddenly we realized that all the joy of Commencement was for us, and then came that first pang—the thought of separation. In saying farewell to St. Joseph's we feel very sad. We look at all the scenes made near and dear to us by long association. We see the beaming faces of our Professors and fellow-students. We think of the joys of the past and the joys of the future, the certainty of what has been and the uncertainty of what will be, and we find that the parting with St. Joseph's is a very sad one.

Now the question is asked for the first time, "Are you ready to face the future?" Let us listen to the words of an old college-man on the graduating ceremonies. "You students", he says, "are full of life and ambition. You have each resolved to be a conqueror, but you have not as yet looked at life on its darker side—its practical side. You pen long speeches that no one will purchase for publication. You will find that your perfect education needs the polishing edges of the world. Still for all this I would not that you were otherwise, for while the ambition of your youth will receive many a cooling and many an icy plunge, nevertheless, with its aid you will surmount your first difficulties untired, and then climb higher." Without hesitance, therefore, we joyfully answer, "YES, we are ready to face the future, and we will do all in our power to play well the part assigned to us in the Drama or Tragedy of life. We

will strive to capture the ideals of which we dreamt as students; but before we put our resolutions into practise, there is that one uncertain step—the step from college into the world. The student generally says that he is a paragon of wisdom, but we do not think we are. Hence our feelings in spite of our bravery suffer from these qualms which we experienced on our first day at school or on the first attempt at something new. But like the young soldier who with quaking heart, bravely charges up to the enemy's front, we will also charge, and our fear will soon be conquered.

A farewell is never a pleasure. We truly regret this severing of old ties, ties and bonds of affection and gentle love. Last night we were still students under the protecting mantle of our Alma Mater, and but a few hours later we find ourselves strangers in our own home. The much despised bell no longer rings for us, but summons others who will fill our places. Our freedom as students is gone.

We all love our homes, and how often have we recalled those dear scenes, in our homes, of affliction and depression! But this is also our home, and it has grown greatly into our hearts.

Farewell, to our dear Alma Mater! With your blessing we go forth, and God grant that we never cause you to lower your head with shame, but rather let us always remember that the mother is known by her child.

Dear Professors! It was through your unselfish devotion that we stand here to-night triumphant. It is through your care that our parents, brothers, sisters, friends, are able to behold us on this day which they, as well as we have looked forward to with so much longing and loving pride. Dear Professors, we know that in the past each one of us has given you cause for much anxiety. We all know how often we have taxed your patience, we remember, too, your mildness when we had erred. We remember too your gentle corrections but only with the liveliest sense of gratitude. Farewell! Our words can convey little of the affection we have for you, but let our actions speak.

And now fellow class-mates, I also bid you good-bye.



We have each labored with might and main to see this night. We were always busy and we were always happy. We shared our work and during our long residence at St. Joseph's the success of one was the jubilation of the other. But all has gone. The school-days of the class '06 are now but sweet recollections. But wherever we go I am sure that the same affection which binds us now will bind us then and forever. Fellow class-mates, good-bye.

Friends, we too must part. Our relationship has been most pleasant and it grieves us much to leave you. Do not think that my words do not confirm my thoughts. The time will come when the proudest of your titles will be "True Sons of St. Joseph's". Dear friends, now that we are on the verge of parting, we ask you to uphold the honor of our Alma Mater on the field and in the class-room. To you we bequeath this trust. Once more, good friends, good-bye.

Our little barks have floated gently and serenely upon the placid lake, but now they are about to take the stormy billows. May none ever perish.

EDWARD J. PRYOR, '06.  
(Read by Michael Shea, '06.)



Those who are born to strife and contention find strife and contention ready at their hand; those who are born for gentleness and love find gentleness and love drawn to them. The naturally suspicious and distrustful find the world in conspiracy against them; the unkind, the hard-hearted see themselves in their fellows about them. The tone in which we speak to the world; the world speaks with us. Give your best and you will receive the best in return. Give in heaping measures and in heaping measures it shall be returned. We all get our due sooner or later, in one form or another. "Be not weary in well doing;" the reward will surely come, if not in worldly goods, then in inward satisfaction, grace of spirit, peace of mind.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

## Famous Rides in History.

“Well could he ride and often men would say,  
‘That horse his mettle from the rider takes’.”

—SHAKESPEARE, “*Lover’s Complaint*.”

A SPLENDID sight,—the gallant rider mounted on his noble steed! How proudly the horse’s mane flutters in the wind; how cheerfully resounds the clattering of his hoofs. And the rider! He envies not the rattling trains, speeding along; nor the ethereal minstrels, sailing the air. He is proud of his own stately position, proud of his noble and faithful bearer.

The sight of a rider and his horse appeals to everybody. The child points it out with prating, innocent, delight; men admire it with nods of approbation; to the savage Indian it seemed the appearance of a supernatural being, in which the man and the horse were grown together. The rider is, in fact, the people’s hero, whether he be a contestant in a race or a Rough rider. Tales of his feats of horsemanship and endurance are listened to with eager ear. Of his glorious exploits many have passed down into history, and their story is as thrilling as that of the most famous deeds of arms.

Accepting the statements of ancient authors—though their testimony is in general not well known—we must give the palm for horsemanship, not to any of the modern Cossacks or Rough riders, but to one of the most accomplished generals of all times, the dauntless Hannibal, in whom it is said, the world saw its swiftest rider, although not the most renowned. Being defeated in the battle of Zama, he was in continual danger of his life. The star of his Fortune had vanished at the approach of the Roman legions. With almost incredible speed Hannibal fled from the battle-field to

the city of Adrumentum, a distance of about three hundred and fifty miles. This wonderful feat of horsemanship he accomplished in two days and two nights, riding therefore over six miles an hour. Whether or not this story is true, it is deserving credence, because the ancients were excellently skillful in managing their horses. In their very youth they became expert riders. Did not the young Alexander check and govern Bucephalus? Although the fame of these men as riders has suffered from the wear and tear of succeeding ages, yet the general truth remains established.

Another example of dexterity is the exploit of Mithridates the Great, king of Pontus, who rode nearly one hundred and ten miles in one day. Such wonderful deeds of hardiness are yet to be equalled by the modern horseman.

Another truly marvelous ride is that of Charles XII. of Sweden, who, in 1714, set out from Demotica, near Adrianople, and in sixteen days reached Stralsund in the northern part of Germany. He thus covered a distance of 1,300 miles, or about eighty miles a day, and that through a wild and rugged country, with no previous arrangement for change of horses. It must be reckoned with the wonderful exploits of all ages and of all countries.

But to turn to a more heroic field, to a more modern age, and to a less distant country. Well-known to every child, is the ride of Jenny M'Neal, celebrated in a beautiful poem by Carleton. Even if the story be not strictly true, it surely has a historic background and shows the patriotism of American women; for

"Why should men do all the deeds  
On which the love of a patriot feeds?"

One night some British dragoons had come to Jenny's home for "a bit to eat," after which they

"must dash ten miles ahead,  
To catch a rebel colonel abed."

By this information the patriotism of Jenny had been fully aroused; and slipping quietly from the house she mounted the captain's steed,



“And down the hilly and rock-strewn way  
She urged the fiery horse of gray.”

Twice she was commanded by the enemy to halt; and twice too she disregarded these commands. But all at once the gray horse stumbled and fell—

“Himself escaping the nets of harm,  
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.”

Nevertheless Jenny continued her ride, until she reached the colonel's house. When the British troopers arrived their bird had flown. Fortunately they were men enough to admire the courage and patriotism of “brave lioness-hearted Jenny M'Neal.”

But now, please

“listen and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.”

What American heart has not been thrilled by the simple and stirring tale of this midnight ride “on the eighteenth of April in Seventy-five.”

The British had received orders to destroy a quantity of provisions at Concord, about twenty miles from Boston. However, one heroic patriot was on the watch—Paul Revere. At his request signal-lanterns were hung aloft in the steeple of Old North Church, to show when and from what direction the British were coming, “one if by land and two if by sea.” As soon as the signals had flashed the news abroad, the gallant patriot galloped through all the neighboring villages, spread the alarm to all the country-folk, and roused them to arms, shouting: “The ‘regulars’ are coming.” The battle that ensued was the opening of the Revolution—the battle of Lexington.

“You know the rest—  
How the British Regulars fired and fled!  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball  
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall.”

The glory and fame of this glorious ride is due chiefly to Longfellow who used this subject for one of his grandest and most renowned poems. Every heart will readily join with him in his immortal tribute to Paul Revere:

“Through the gloom and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into a flame with its heat.”

Of greater importance perhaps, but of less renown, is the great ride of Marcus Whitman, in 1842; a ride most remarkable for its length and on account of the immense difficulties that it presented. Marcus Whitman of New York had journeyed to Oregon in a wagon, in which he also took his bride. After innumerable hardships they had reached their destination; and now they began to enjoy a peaceful life, when the English made efforts to claim that region as their own. Only one thing could prevent this, and that was beset with the greatest difficulties. But patriotism, courage, and zeal for the country's welfare will surmount them forever. In the mind of Whitman was conceived the only way to save Oregon—by establishing a settlement of American emigrants, and quickly, too. In consequence, Whitman started out on his ride across the continent for Washington.

This was a most remarkable journey on horseback; for it comprised a distance of about four thousand miles, and lasted five months. Through every kind of suffering, through the terrors of starvation, through the attacks of the Indians, through the inclemency of the weather and the wildness and roughness of the roads, Whitman struggled bravely on and at last reached the National Capitol. Here he proved to Congress that Oregon was not the inaccessible country it was usually supposed to be, and by leading a settlement of emigrants thither, he established our rights in that western region. Must not the courage and the perseverance of such a man excite our admiration, and cause us to say: “The patriot will never die—no, not as long as men live to do him honor?”

Most celebrated in the annals of America—of the world perhaps—is the glorious ride of Sheridan. Its story is well-known to every American. General Early taking advantage of Sheridan's absence, surprised and defeated the Union army at Cedar Creek, Oct. 19, 1864. Sheridan returning



from a visit to Washington was then at Winchester, twenty miles from the field of battle. Having heard the booming of cannon,

“the terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more,”

he galloped to the scene of the disaster, shouting to his fleeing soldiers: “Face the other way, boys! we are going back! Never mind, boys, we’ll whip them yet! We shall sleep in our old quarters to-night.” They did face the other way, and with such effect, that the victory of the enemy was turned into a disastrous rout. The Confederates were sent “flying” out of the valley: Sheridan and his men slept in their old quarters that night. This celebrated ride has received additional glory and fame by the thrilling verses of Thomas B. Read in his poem entitled “Sheridan’s Ride”.

One more courageous and self-sacrificing ride is that of Engineer Park at the Johnstown flood, May 31, 1889. When the lake above Johnstown was beginning to pour out its waters the heroic engineer galloped down the valley, shouting to all to run for their lives; while behind him came thundering at a speed of two and a half miles a minute the wild, destructive mountain of water. How swift and deadly the ruin caused by this most awful catastrophe, is sufficiently attested by history; but the story of this terrible calamity will forever emit one bright shining beam from its darkness—the light of courage and self-sacrifice, appearing so nobly in the heroic ride of Engineer Park.

Many other great and perilous rides have been made, which are not chronicled in song or story. In the colonial times, when the mail was carried from town to town by post-riders; in the cavalry charges and on numerous other occasions riders accomplished rare feats of horsemanship which are the admiration and wonder of future ages. All honor and glory forever to the gallant horseman and his noble steed!

HERMAN J. GRUBE, '07.

## Graduation Ode.

(Class Poem.)

**W**ITH lucent flash, across the eastern sky,  
Breaks the dawn of graduation day;  
Long we gaze in grateful awe  
Upon its golden glory.  
Full oft, when up Parnassus' heights  
We've toiled with weary step,  
Many a glimmer of this bright morn  
Has shot across the sky,  
Tracing on the heaven's clouded dome  
In golden letters  
The simple word of "Hope."

Now we stand upon the utmost top.  
The task of youth is done. The day is here  
When every heart-beat throbs with joy,  
And every breath draws in the dew of peace.  
Round the future burns a halo  
Bright and glorious as the sun;  
Round our brow its rays inspiring  
Play with warmth of summer noon;  
Rousing us to deeds of honor,  
Rousing us to do and dare.

Angel white the sails of glory  
Glide across our fancy's spangled sea,  
Spangled with the beams of dawning—  
Of the dawn we've sought so long ago.  
The sails are yet unspotted  
With speck of sorrow or of grief;  
All is sunshine, all is gladness  
Before our youthful, yearning eye.

*And beneath those sails so spotless  
Lies the treasure to be ours,  
Rest the jewels of truth and glory,  
Once to stud the golden chaplet  
That must crown an honored brow,  
When our locks are silvered.  
To-day we breathe a gladsome youth;  
Around us brightest blooms are smiling;  
And on the breeze the gayest carols float.*

*We've lingered long in sweet content;  
But our standard beckons forward.  
In the midst of clashing strife,  
From its fluttering folds our watchword glitters,  
"Tuere parta" ever bright.  
In our ears a melody is ringing,  
Quivering with the Master's touch.  
List! 'tis duty's call, O classmates,  
From far off fields of toil.  
The hymn we learned to lisp so gladly  
In school-tide's brightest hours;  
The sternest yet the sweetest strain of music  
Ever swept from lyre terrene.  
Ring on, O melody sublime!  
We'll ever hearken to thy numbers,  
While our sun of faith still beams;  
While it warms with heavenly sunshine  
The breast we're baring to the fray.*

*To-day a breath of holy solace  
Is wafted from our heavenly home,  
Where the stars in grandeur wander  
Like suns of Eden's fields.  
Now we feel our toil is blest,  
And our works are not in vain;  
Our hearts throb fast and faster,  
And our blood is warm with love and faith.  
We long to stand beneath that motto*



*And mingle in the strife for truth;  
From our lips a prayer arises,  
And we vow in accents burning:  
We'll be true, O Thou Eternal,  
We'll be true unto the end.*

VICTOR W. Meagher, '06,

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## The Transformation of Tate.

THE rounds had been made a score or more times, but still Tate knew his ground. And why should he not? Had he not been "hoisting" as many years, and was he not known at the inn for his ability to "hold up a jag." Already his companions were casting ballast, but Tate went one better, and at length he too was downed and sought a relay at a convenient card-table.

"Better call Charlie to take him home, Larry;" and the big bar keeper rattled the glasses beneath the bar, at the same time spitting reflectively at the most convenient corner.

"I c—can walk. Do you think I'm a—n infant" said Tate as he staggered to his feet with heroic efforts to retain his equilibrium. "Not so bad as you th-think" and to prove his assertion fell in a heap to the floor.

"Take care of him, Charlie. You know the place. First one outside Perry Pike. Dreadful night. You might get wet before you return, but I'll make it alright." The rickety old cab rolled down the rough pavement, and was soon lost in the darkness of the night.

The threatening storm burst in all its fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the March wind whistled through the naked limbs of the trees. Dazzling flashes of lightning revealed, at intervals, the dripping and desolate surroundings and great black clouds rolling tumultuously overhead, like huge monsters threatening the earth. Then came a crash;

a deafening crash, as though the very heavens had been rent asunder. All nature trembled; and the echoes, as if prophesying evil, rumbled lingeringly away in the distance.

"A fearful night to be out with that bum," said Charlie; aroused from his reverie by the sight of Tate's hut barely discernible, being surrounded by tall ghost-like pines, and lying half a hundred yards back from the road. "Whoa! Dick!" and alighting into the mud, he jerked open the cab door with astonishing verbal emphasis.

"Tate!"

"Alright, Charlie, that's the place. Take this for your trouble and good-night. I can take care of myself now." Tate stepped to the muddy earth and, though extremely dizzy, stood perfectly erect, and proffered to the cabman a five dollar gold piece.

Charlie watched him as he started for the door, and, seeing him enter, turned around and was gone.

With an effort Tate had opened the door, and groped his way across the room. After a few fruitless attempts, he succeeded in lighting an oil lamp, revealing, as he did so a dismal little room and but scantily furnished. Presently a little old clock, fly-specked and bearing the dust of seasons, wailed from its little shelf in the corner the hour of ten. Tate looked at the fire which had smouldered away, though he did not attempt to revive it; but, throwing his hat on a dirty couch, used also for a bed, he walked to the other end of the room. Here rested an old and dusty bureau on top of which suspended by clumsy framework, was a very large mirror. Tate screwed up the lamp that stood on the bureau, and then dropped into a creaking armchair.

An hour passed by, but still Tate sat there, seldom changing his position. He did not appear to be sleeping, but sat staring at the floor, his head resting in his hand. His face was rigid and of a pallid hue, his massive jaws firmly set, and a heavy black brow overhanging his eyes. The little clock ticked briskly and occasionally the stove gasped, and the lamp flared, for the winds still warred without and groaned dismally around the hut.



Presently Tate shifted his position, the old chair groaning as he drew up his big frame. His body inclined forward one arm lying across his knee, the other on the arm of the chair, while his head was held erect, his eyes staring directly in front of him. His face wore a threatening scowl and on his brow great drops of sweat were slowly gathering. His eyes flashed occasionally and his fists clenched, his whole demeanor being but the outward expression of the storm raging within his soul.

Tate's thoughts were gruesome ones. He saw himself in his present state of extreme wretchedness, and the thought aroused old memories. He thought of the years long past when he rambled a happy urchin o'er the village greens. Then, later on, his school days, gladsome days as they were, spent in diligence and refreshed by the joys known to every school-lad. Thus far his life had been an honorable one, but it served only to render more bitter the memories he could not erase. And now the time was come when Tate should leave home to study at the University. Oh! how the thought thrilled him! What a man he would be! and with the usual store of good resolutions so common to every freshman he started for the University.

Now it becomes the oft told tale of evil associates. Tate had always been "flush", and this of course brought him many friends; but such friends could never be worthy of the name. Well he remembered their taunts when first he refused to approach the bar, and how he, fool as he was, drowned in a moment the promise made to his mother, scorning the duty which he owed to himself and those guarding his interest.

Tate delved deeper into the depths and soon lost sight of all things honorable. He grew tired of his books, and determined to go out into the world where he would be hampered by nothing and would live and do as he wished. So one morning Tate had left. No one knew of his whereabouts, and all efforts to find him proved unavailing. His rich and too generous father did everything in his power, but to no avail. The mother pined away in sorrow, and a



few months brought her, heart broken, to the grave.

In the meantime Tate wandered about, doing little work, but still following his evil course. Two years passed in this way and, finding it hard to continue in his present state, he resolved to return home. But how changed was everything! No mother was there to meet him and bid him welcome. His father lay on the bed of sickness, and his very approach caused him to grow weaker, and, in a few days, to die.

Seventeen years have passed since the day Tate returned home. Ever since he has lived in the dismal hut where we now see him thinking over his past. The vast fortune left him is practically gone, and he has spent it all in drink in a futile effort to drown the recollection of squandered opportunities. And now he is unfit for things good, and wrecked, through his own folly, to utter helplessness. Hard and cruel the realization breaks in upon his soul, like a stone dropped into a brook. Driven to desperation he raves, clenching his great fists, and mutters, through his closed teeth curses upon himself. Despair is seizing his soul, and a terrible thought flashes upon his mind.

The storm has renewed its fury. The wind sweeps over the hut, shaking it like a dog does a rat. Lightning flashes through the dirty window panes, carrying its threats into the very hut. The little clock ticks on, while the stove spurts forth a dusky gray haze, and the lamp flickers helplessly. Tate heeds not the elements. He sees nothing but his own despicable self. Presently his face relaxes and becomes paler. His eyes no longer flare, and his brow clears. Slowly he raises his arm, and, in his hand, something shines faintly in the dim light. He does not flinch; but slowly and deliberately points the weapon towards his head. A sharp crack is heard, and its echo is repeated by the thunder rumbling away in the distance.

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The dawn broke bright and beautiful, the sun smiling sweetly over the green pastures. The thrilling tones of the

robin were heard for the first time, and the pensive whistle of the meadow larks floated on the breeze. The little brook that wended through the woods some two hundred yards behind Tate's home, had begun its gentle prattle, and, on its bank, stood the tall form of a man. He had appeared with the first faint gleams of the sun, and stood there, as in a trance. A strange calm, hitherto unknown, (to him), had taken possession of him, and, in his soul, a voice as if from the vast unknown, spoke gentle words of courage. He thought again of the doings of the night before, but, think as he might, he could not remember what had shattered his bureau glass.

JOHN A. O'DONNELL, '07.

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## Exercises in Poetry.

(Fourth English.)

### LAUGHTER.

Just like the sun that freshens all the day,  
 Dispels the fog and warms the weeping flower,  
 And tips the peaks and e'en slips in the bower,  
 It lights life's path, the clouds it drives away:  
 Just like the bard who softly sings his lay,  
 And brings sweet thoughts which come as a warm shower,  
 Lifts up the heart to whom woe is a dower,  
 So Laughter does, no matter where it stay.

It is the song that lingers in the heart,  
 And where this melody is daily heard,  
 Though care may come, it soon is found to part.  
 Methinks it is e'en sweeter than the bird;  
 It is as music of a holy choir,  
 Of this life's sweet'ning hymn man ne'er shall tire.

P. GRAF, '09.







PARKER  
HOTO.

STAFF OF COLLEGIAN, '06.

## THE CLOCK.

When thoughtful you are looking at the clock,  
 With solemn mien he stares and faces you;  
 Unlike the dial mute in azure blue,  
 Upon the wall he talks his quaint tick-tock.  
 At marked times you hear the hammer knock,  
 The busy hands, like friends united true,  
 Toil on, and make their rounds of ten and two;  
 And pulse-like you can hear the pendulum rock.  
 But halt, thou ever restless pendulum!  
 Irrevocable are the moments thou dost speed  
 In measureless strides into eternity;  
 Alas, when death shall summon us to come,  
 With fixed eyes we gaze but give no heed,  
 Then time to us will be infinity.

A. H. Knapke, '07.

## LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW.

Eternal boundless sea of ether blue,  
 All unexplored realm of countless spheres:  
 That, ere the earth was here, began their race  
 Of never measured and untrodden paths.  
 Here mortals palsy, dust is powerless,  
 Whilst mind alone here builds its highest throne  
 And sees the world in God's own light,  
 As Adam saw it at Creation's dawn,  
 When in the fresh and azure sunny sky  
 Beheld unfurled the Royal banner's might.

P. Wiese. '08.

## THE MUSE.

Awake, awake, O Muse, awake!  
 For I must rime verses make:  
 I call in vain my muse sleeps on;  
 Old Morpheus clouds the Muse's dawn.  
 Over the hills the Sun god is seen,  
 And his jolly face with joy doth beam;  
 But my Muse sleeps on and doth not heed  
 The beauties of nature of hill and mead.  
 Once more I beg thee, Muse arise,  
 And lift my fancy to the skies!

J. M. Boland. 09.

## A DEWDROP.

What is so brightly shining there  
 On the silver blades, in the morning air?  
 Is it a diamond or a pearl?  
 That sleeps in the tiny, grassy curl?

It is a crystal drop of dew  
 That sparkles there in varied hue.  
 On blushing roses dew falls like  
 A tear at even and at right.

E. Olberding. '08

## MUSINGS.

When the dewy shades of even o'er the courtyard and the hall  
 All enshroud in borrowed splendor, with a fleecy golden pall;  
 When the lay of vesper sparrow mingled with the song of thrush  
 Soundeth like to heavenly music, and fond mem'ries o'er me rush—  
 Then I love to sit and muse.

When the heavy lids of twilight yield to Morpheus' tender care,  
 When the beacons of blue heaven seem to sputter and to flare,  
 When Diana in her raiment, vested in a silver hue  
 Beams benignly on earth's flowers which are mantled o'er with dew—  
 Then I love to sit and muse.

When the doleful hour of midnight o'er the city's roofs and spires  
 Tolls out in solemn, measured strokes, and the careworn day expires;  
 When the city's lulled to slumber and a quiet stillness reigns;  
 And the moonlight slips fantastic thro the leafy vaulted lanes—  
 Then I love to sit and muse.

Oh, the tranquil joys of even, when day's troubled cares relent!  
 When the weary limbs are rested and the anxious heart's content,  
 And the balmy airs of summer that come soothing to the mind,  
 Seem to whisper perfume-laden, 'God is good and God is kind'—  
 Then I love to sit and muse.

J. Gallagher. '09.



## The Cavalier and the Puritan.

IT is indeed most interesting to the student of sociology to study the evolution of the social life of America, from the early colonial period to the present time. He will note the contending influences of the two leading factions—that of the gay and aristocratic inhabitants of the South and that of the stern hardy toilers of the North. He will become aware of the conflicting tendencies that originated and controlled the agencies of our civic and social developments; of the rising of antagonistic forces whereby a great national problem was worked out.

Virginia, the colony of landowners, great and small, the settlement of comfortable and palatial homes, ranked first among the colonies, both from a social and political stand-point. It was largely a wooded country, watered by many rivers, fertile in soil and rich in natural resources. English lords had acquired vast tracts of this country by gift or purchase, settling on it themselves or peopling it with their friends and retainers. Thus many a worthy scion of nobility took root on the banks of the Potomac and along with him many an adventurer and outlaw. These descendants of English aristocracy transplanted also to the virgin soil of the New World all the traits and customs of the cavalier of the Old World. They scorned work and toil; and descending from pure English stock, they regulated their habits and manners accordingly, slavishly imitating the social customs of their mother-country. The Virginian aristocrat was a successful planter and tobacco raiser. He had a large number of slaves, black and white, to till his acres, but the management of his vast estates was usually left to his overseer whilst he himself devised means and schemes to amuse his fellow-gentry, and “kill time in the most pleasant way.” Possessing fine estates and packs of hounds, horse-racing, fox-hunting and cock-fighting were his favorite pastimes. In his baronial mansion, the copy

of his ancestral home, leisure and good cheer reigned supreme. Here he spent the evenings in dining, gaming and dancing. A rather severe critic of the colonial days gives the following portraiture of the life of the Cavaliers: "To eat and to drink delicately and freely, to feast, dance and to riot, to pamper cocks and horses, to observe the important event which of two horses can run the fastest, or which of two cocks can flutter and spur most dextrously—these are the grand affairs which engross the attention of our great men, and little low-lived sinners imitate them."

The cavalier was imbued with a sense of his own superiority and dignity. He was characterized by an invincible pride of family and race, considering all of lower extraction and all tradesmen his inferiors. Caste of family meant everything to him. Society moved in a definite sphere in which only scions of blue blood found admittance. It was a forbidden paradise to the wealthy merchant-man, and no favor or personal merit could introduce him into this select circle.

We note however with pleasure that this pride and exclusiveness of nobility was tempered by warm sympathy and liberal feeling. The hospitality among the Virginians was ever proverbial. The stranger found a hearty welcome, was loaded with kindness, and not only received what he needed, but had the use of everything that might contribute to his comfort. The Cavalier professed the Anglican religion, all other denominations being rigidly excluded. The pastors, who were as frolicsome and pleasure loving as the planters, were appointed and salaried by the king of England and had to render no account to their parishioners. As a rule, the Virginian gentleman was lax and liberal in matters regarding religion, considering it but an irksome duty imposed by custom and decorum.

Little wonder, then, that in this colony so liberal in its religious views, and ensnared by the enticements of luxury and pleasure, education was sorely neglected. The education doled out by the master of "an old field school-house" was of the simplest kind, reading, writing and ciphering.



Often the school was in charge of a retainer, who possessed but a meagre conception of mental training. In many instances the sons of the richer planters were sent to England for their education. These scions illiterate and imbued with a sense of their own superiority, were haughty among their dependents, and as proud of their landed estates and ancestry as their brethren of the empire.

Still, this colony of gay and dashing cavaliers, aroused from its lethargy and indolent amusements, was one of the most enthusiastic to respond to the call of "liberty or death"; it produced a host of gallant men whose character and agency, moulding and influencing the struggling republic, are worthy of the foremost place in the annals of our country.

Let us now turn our attention to the Puritan who affords a striking contrast to the Cavalier. He was a toil-loving, thrifty husbandman, to whom life was a stern reality. Amusements and pleasures were entirely foreign to his austere mode of living.

Massachusetts was a bleak, desolate country with but scanty natural resources. Here the Puritan, banished from home and country, found a safe refuge to practice his beliefs undisturbed. Unused to the climate and general conditions of their new home, these poor exiles encountered many hardships and difficulties, but undaunted they struggled on conquering all obstacles. They led a simple but happy and contented life. Luxury and pleasures were considered by them as the root of all evil. Their homes were humble and unpretentious, furnished with a style of "severe simplicity", rather too severe for comfort and convenience. Incessant toil made them hardy men, brave in time of danger and need.

Religion was all in all to them; every action, every social and political transaction was regulated by it. Religion was to them the criterion of all good and evil. Misled by a fanatical zeal, and considering themselves the only possessors of the true faith, they relentlessly persecuted all other denominations and sects. Their child-like simplicity coupled



with narrowness of mind and a blind religious belief, made them susceptible to superstition and other absurd and erroneous ideas. Their belief in witchcraft and sorcery, and the cruel punishments they inflicted on suspected victims is indeed an indelible blot on their escutcheon.

The social life of the Puritans was in direct contrast to the life of the cavaliers. New England was a settlement of small towns and villages with toiling husbandmen and merchants. There were no vast landed estates, but only snug little farms and plots. Though New England knew no lord-ing proprietor to lead its social circles, it had its magistracies of towns and burghs, who led society. But the social gatherings were austere meetings, free from all frivolity and amusements. It was only in later times, owing to the influence of the officers of the crown, that they relaxed from their stern and rigid ideas, and dances and dinners were introduced in larger towns, whilst the villages had their husking-bees and other rustic amusements.

In education, the Puritans were far in advance of the Cavaliers. They had established a system of free schools giving equal advantages to the children of the rich and the poor. It was this popular education that enabled New England with its inferior material to build up a thriving commonwealth. The young men were early acquainted with work and taught to undergo many hardships, thus preparing them to battle with the vicissitudes of daily life.

Time has gradually tempered and blended these two distinct streams of the New World, uniting them in one common social and national life. The local pride of the Cavaliers is laid low, and the hereditary relics and feudal remnants of an obsolete state of society in Virginia have vanished. The stern and austere principles of the Puritan have been mellowed and their zeal and enthusiasm led into wider channels. But the influence of these two classes is very distinctly traceable on American thought and manners, having resulted in that richness and largeness of heart and austerity and sharpness of mind which characterize the national character.

CLEMENT H. BOEKE, '07.

## Ode to the Priesthood.

Composed for the Jubilee of Rev. Aug. Scifert C.P.P.S.,  
Rector of St. Joseph's College.

**T**HOU art forever as Melchisedech  
A priest of God, and ever shall proclaim,  
E'en from the rising to the setting sun,  
The word of God and glory of His name.  
In thy baptismal hour a garb of white,  
Thy tiny limbs enclosed;  
At peace and beaming with celestial light  
Thy gentle soul reposed.

An angel guardian from the pearly shore,  
Clasped to its snowy breast the tender bud;  
And in the Ark of grace, while billows roar,  
Thy spirit safely rode above the flood.  
In joy thy youthful tongue, inspired by love  
Proclaimed the happy day,  
When, asking with the Saviour's kiss of peace,  
The grace to choose thy way.

At last maturer grace hath made thee bold,  
Home's tender ties and all the world holds dear  
Thyself denied, and to the scattered Fold  
Betook thyself, and banished doubt and fear.  
At thy lone voice from o'er the desert drear  
The wand'ring sheep return,  
No more the bay of lurking wolf to hear  
Nor blinding blasts that burn.

In fear and trembling come the motley band  
And kneeling show their garments stained with sin;  
Repenting beg a blessing from thy hand,  
Go out refreshed, new battles to begin.  
Within thy hand Truth's lamp sent forth its beams,  
Dispelling Error's night;  
While on thy breast a cross resplendent gleams,  
The Christian soldier's might.

Around the Saviour's altar hovering near  
 The stir of airy wings and vesture bright,  
 And whispering guide thy heart in holy fear,  
 Enwrapped in love adore the holy sight.

Take ye and eat my flesh, for all 'tis given;

My flesh is meat indeed:

Take, drink my blood, 'tis shed for you and all;

My blood is drink indeed.

Midway from earth to God's eternal throne  
 Art thou the watchman by whose willing hands  
 True virtue's rough and narrow way is shown,  
 And weary feet are led to happy lands.

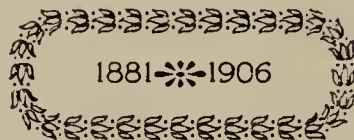
O may thy heart, great Levite, ever burn

With love for one that bled;

And may the light of grace in glory shine

Eternal on thy head.

LEO FAUROT, '08.



Unlucky is the man who is born with great expectations and who finds nothing in life quite up to their mark. One of the best things a man can bring into this world with him is natural humility of spirit. About the next best thing he can bring, and they usually go together, is an appreciative spirit—a loving and susceptible heart. If he is going to be a reformer and stir up things, and slay the dragons, he needs other qualities more. But if he is going to get the most of life in a worthy way, if he is going to enjoy the great spectacle of the world from first to last, then he needs his life pitched in a low key and well attuned to the common universal things. The strained, the farfetched, the extravagant, the frenzied—how lucky we are to escape them, and to be born with dispositions that cause us to flee from them!

JOHN BURROUGHS.



# St. Joseph's Collegian.

Published by St. Joseph's College.

Edited bi-monthly by the Students.

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Subscription, one dollar per annum.

Single copy 20 cents.

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All letters and communications should be addressed :  
THE COLLEGIAN, COLLEGEVILLE, IND.

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Entered at the Post-Office, Collegeville, Ind. as second class matter.

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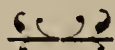
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## Editorials.

WHEN the present staff took upon themselves the onerous duty of editing the Collegian, we made no promises to perform deeds strange and startling, for we were not confident that we could have fulfilled them. Besides we felt there was no need for promises, because what reader of a College Journal ever pays any attention to them. He forgets them before the next issue, and hence promise-making in a journal of this kind is only a waste of time and valuable space. We trust however that the Collegian 1905—1906 has not been without merit and that it has pleased not only subscribers directly interested but every other reader as well. We also hope that our successors will receive the same

warm sympathy and commendation which has helped so much to encourage our own efforts. With best wishes then for the coming staff's success and prosperity, we now retire.



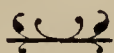
WE CANNOT REFRAIN even at this late date from extending our felicitations to our esteemed Rector Father Augustine Seifert, C. PP. S. on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. Not wishing to recall here what was said by our Rt. Rev. Bishop and others in praise of the work of our Rev. Rector we will merely express our thanks for the interest which Father Augustine has always shown in this journal. We know he is a very interested reader and a kindly critic, and appreciates that we are trying hard to make the *Collegian* a true exponent of St. Joseph's. We are obliged to him also for wiping out the annual deficit which accrues, owing to our limited number of subscribers and advertisers. May our Rev. Rector enjoy many more years of good health and activity in the noble field of education: and may he see St. Joseph's grow as much in the next fifteen years as he has seen it in the past.



COMMENCEMENT reminds us of an often reiterated sentiment of "Tom Brown at Rugby"—like young bears we are about to be thrown upon the world with all our troubles before us. We are about to be thrown into the whirlpool and are fully conscious that we have never tried our strength against it. Some graduates step from college to seminary, but the students of other courses have a serious problem confronting them. The dread of the final examinations is not as severe by far as the dread and fear of what is to come. In our early years we look upon this last Commencement as a gloriously brilliant event and all our energies are put forth to make it so. This is while it is in the future tense, but when it is in the present we are startled into the knowledge that the time has come for us to say farewell. Dear Alma Mater the home of many happy years has shut its doors upon us. We had grown accustomed to think that we were a part of



this busy world and could not be separated, but on this day we realize for the first time that we have no further claims upon her and none but strangers' privileges. All the honors of Commencement can never fill up this great sense of loss.



WHEN STUDENTS believe their respective course to be the best in the catalogue, it shows that they are earnestly endeavoring to enjoy all good that is in it. At the same time, however, this is no excuse for trying to *show* others how insignificant they are, merely because they follow a different line of thought. Tastes differ, and even though one only is correct, each and every one is entitled to his own. The sooner these broad-minded (?) people get rid of the idea that those who differ in taste and opinion are the dust under their feet, the sooner will they reap the fruits of a liberal education.



ANOTHER POINT FOR THE "SMALL COLLEGE".—Charles F. Adams, member of the Harvard board of overseers recently spoke the following at New York.—"The gulf which divides the usual instructor from the average student is far more impassable now than it was in 1850.

"The average student is only one unit in an impersonal mass. Harvard college, save in name and continuity, should cease to exist. In place of it I would have a number of colleges, all independent, at the head of each of which should be a master—if you like, a president.

"An educated man is, I take it, one in whom the imaginative faculties, the reasoning faculties and the observing faculties have all been properly and adequately developed. Judged by this test, who of us can claim to be an educated man, a well-trained mental athlete?

"Could I have my way, I would break our traditional academic system into fragments as something that has long since done its work and is now quite outgrown, and I would somehow get back to the close contact of mind upon mind."



WHY DO MEN who are not frequently called upon to speak, hesitate about accepting an invitation to address a body of students? Without considering those schools noted for their rowdyism, we venture to assert that it is mainly on account of the criticism to which they expect to be subjected. When men dread the audience, the result is usually a poorly composed and poorly delivered composition. Who suffers? The speaker or his hearers? Therefore let us forget to be critical, at least openly critical. You may think what you will, but do not think aloud, and you'll not only help others to acquire the art of speaking but you will gain a good deal yourself.



WE HAVE NOT the least desire to be or to appear iconoclastic in our methods but we believe in recognizing and upholding our rights. In the history of Harpers Monthly the love for Catholics and Catholicism has been very prominent—by its absence. Sharing equal prominence with this narrow-mindedness is Harpers monumental lack of the sense of decency. The last few months were characterized by the "Sage Brush Sketches", evidently the offspring of an impure and degenerate mind. They deal with the lowest possible types—the brute types of man. Beside these sketches the popular five cent weekly is a model of purity and literary excellence. Then for a number of years stories have been inserted purporting to portray the Catholic life, giving it such a gloomy aspect, that if they were true to life no one could be blamed for refusing to accept Catholicism. But in the light of history and fact, such descriptions are only a display of ignorance.

Harper's has a number of Catholic subscribers on its list, and how it can continue in this narrow rut of bigotry, or how Catholics can continue to read these abuses of their holy religion is beyond all reason. Let every Catholic refuse to subscribe to any of the Harper publications and these bigots will very soon find out that they can not insult us with impunity.

## Obituary.

*In media vita morimur.*

Once more this ancient saying was exemplified, this time in a member of our college family. In the midst of festivity and cheer, there came the angel of death, and when he left, there went with him the soul of our dear fellow-student and class-mate, and editor of this journal, Edward J. Pryor beloved of professors and students. With the others he had prepared for a happy ending of his college days, with them he had passed his examinations; he had written a beautiful and touching valedictory, with no thought that this was his valedictory indeed, and now, not an hour before the evening's exercises, he had passed from this life to the next.

Edward Pryor was a young man of much promise, highly endowed, and a tireless worker. He loved the true, the good, and the beautiful; he always had before him the highest ideals of conduct and ever strove to attain them; he was a gentleman in word and action.

While it is extremely sad from a purely human and earthly standpoint, to contemplate the death, on the eve of his entrance into life, of so promising a young man, with all the opportunities before him, there comes the thought, and we cannot refrain from expressing it, that it may have been fortunate for Mr. Pryor to be called by his Creator at this hour, as he was now fully ready to meet God uncontaminated by the corrupting influences of the world. And is it not a gain to be spared

“The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to?”

We sincerely hope that our beloved fellow-student has found eternal rest, but we will not cease to give him the favor of our prayers, and offer our most heart-felt condolence to his bereaved relatives.

R. I. P.

## Resolutions of Condolence.

Since by the will of Our Father in Heaven there has been called from our midst on this day, our beloved class-mate, Edward J. Pryor, who has been with us these years of preparation for this day, a class-mate whom we have delighted to call our own, of beautiful character and a genial companion, true in his affections, upright of heart, with a worthy ambition to excel in all he undertook.

We, the class of '06, therefore, give expression to our deepest grief and feeling of bereavement at his untimely loss, and with deep humility of spirit adore the inscrutable designs of Providence. We pledge ourselves to pray for the repose of his soul, and hope that God will be his exceedingly great reward.

Bernard Wellman,

Michael F. Shea,

Maurice F. O'Connor,

D. Lawrence Monahan,

M. E. Ehleringer,

Victor W. Meagher

Matthew Helmig,

John Becker,

Othmar Knapke,

Celestine Frericks.



## Exchanges.

IN saying good-bye we follow a good old custom. We are aware that the world's equilibrium will not be disturbed by our exit from office, nor do we anticipate for ourselves any wonderful change. We will not be precipitated into the vast unknown nor wake up to find ourselves in Elysium. But we must say, farewell. Everyone does it, so must we. Our course is run; and our successor is waiting in nervous anxiety to climb our throne of state and grasp our rod of power. Before we retreat, however, allow us to wander just once more over our old-time haunts.

To talk seriously. College journalism has reached a standard of excellence that is astonishing. In some journals it is almost too high for their powers; and we ask ourselves will it always remain thus. Can they all preserve in the frantic efforts put forth to obtain a respectable position? We will not or cannot answer. It is our fondest hope that College journalism reach ever a higher point; but we have our misgivings.

Now for a little self-humiliation. When we first took up the exman's pen our conception of a college-paper, we are afraid, was a little old-fashioned. In the strained efforts for catchy titles and original subjects the narrow field we wished to mark out would cramp our fellow-journalists. We will retract a little. Let up-to date matter be worked upon; but shun politics and the like. With the advent of politics our path will retrograde; and our journals will become yellow and sordid as the rank, political organs of the day.

In glancing over the work of the year the general tendency seems to have been, as always, toward ideals of the highest order. Every journal, with perhaps one or two excepted, came forth polished and literary. Some preferred

light matter as short stories and comicalities. The *St. Ignatius' Collegian* is one of these. If not carried too far they are by far more readable than the opposite extreme too heavy seriousness as the *Niagara Index*. This is not saying that depth of thought should be missing. No, on the contrary, it should be aimed at. A jewel with only a polished exterior is of very little value.

A few words on short-stories; and then we are done. It may not seem so to others but to us the short-stories of our journals are not up to the standard of the other departments. True, now and then, we stumble on to a good one. We are hardly ourselves in a position to offer suggestions as we cannot claim great eminence as a story-teller. More character delineation and less forced efforts toward originality of plot, often outlandish and uninviting, would appear to us to elevate the plane.

We are grateful for what favorable reviews and bits of praise our fellow exmen deigned to bestow upon us the past year. As far as we can judge from these, our work was highly satisfactory; and speaking in the name of next year's staff we promise that they will do all in their power to improve and rise.

We must acknowledge the visits of the following comrades during the year. In general they have been faithful; but some few were a little shy and bashful, now and then:—

The Notre Dame Scholastic; St. Mary's Sentinel; Solanian; Collegian; Agnetian Monthly; Dial; Niagara Index; Excalibur; Laurel; St. John's Univ. Record; St. Mary's Chimes; Young Eagle; Exponent; Viatorian; Fordham Monthly; Pittsburg Coll. Bulletin; Academia; Abbey Student; Univ. of Ottawa Review; S. V. C. Journal; St. Jerome Schoolman; Institute Echoes; Mountaineer; St. Ignatius Collegian; Fleur de Lis; S. V. C. Student; Marquette Coll. Journal; St. Thomas Collegian; Jefferson Coll. Record; Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian; School Echo; College Spokesman; Manhattan Quarterly; St. John's Collegian; Pelican; Patrician.

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.



## Commencement.

FOR various reasons this year's Commencement was a very notable one. It marked the fifteenth year of the existence of the College and was the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of our Rev. Rector. This, together with the great attendance and the sudden death of Mr. Pryor will make it live long in the minds of all who were present. Most of the visitors, especially those of the clergy, came here to do honor to our esteemed rector, and it must have been a cause of joy and great gratification for him to receive this tribute of love and respect. Hardly less pleasing and encouraging, we are sure, was this large attendance to the members of the Faculty, who labor so ardently and devotedly, and make such great sacrifices in the cause of education. The results of their work are surely apparent to even a casual observer. The College has been equipped, the course extended, elevated and systematized, and the results appear in the conduct of the students, their bearing and dramatic ability, and the high scholarship of the class of '06.

We are sure our visitors were pleased, not the least among them our Rt. Rev. Bishop. In the afternoon on Monday, June 18, the Ordinary was escorted to the College by Company C., Mr. Ed. Pryor commanding. Before administering the sacrament of confirmation, the Bishop treated us to a beautiful address on the need of the virtue of piety, or reverence for God and the supernatural. The subject is an excellent one for a discourse to students, and we are sure Bishop Alerding's words have sunk down into our hearts.

In the evening, a host of visitors arrived, and were conveyed to the College in many ingenious ways, devised by our popular hack-man, Joe Jackson. Among them was a lively crowd of youngsters from Minster, Ohio, who came here on an excursion. They were accompanied by Fr.



Eugene, Bro. Cornelius, and Teacher Boerger. The party was reenforced by several others from Mercer Co. chief among them Mr. H. Anthony and family. Without delay all were asked to supper, and then the curtain rose for our Commencement Play, *Thomas a Becket*.

On Tuesday morning Solemn High Mass (coram Episcopo) was celebrated by Fr. Augustine Seifert, C.PP.S. assisted by his former class-mates Frs. Ant. Dick, C.PP.S., Dominic Schunk, C.PP.S., Jos. Heitz, C.PP.S., Frank Schalk, C.PP.S., and Benedict Boebner, C.PP.S. Rev. J. Cogan, of Greenfield, Ohio, a very esteemed Alumnus, delivered the sermon, in which he referred in loving words to the Jubilarian and his Alma Mater. After the service the Rev. Rector was the recipient of many valuable gifts and of the best wishes of the visitors and friends from Rensselaer.

In the afternoon, the Alumni held their meeting which was well attended, and breathed the spirit of love and good fellowship characteristic of St. Joseph's. It was decided amongst other things to award annually a gold medal of 25 dollars for the best essay in English. We cannot express our appreciation of this noble gift in too high terms. It shows the wisdom of the Alumni and their interest in the College. It was voted to discontinue the Alumni Fund, and to donate it to the College without reserve, and to raise a special fund for an Alumni Memorial when called upon to do so. As a mark of affection, a purse was presented to the Rev. Rector, which the latter accepted with thanks and expressions of love.

The exercises of the day were marred or wholly prevented by bad weather, and towards evening occurred the death of a popular and much beloved student, Mr. Ed. J. Pryor. He had taken ill on the day previous, but there is little doubt that the disease had been with him for some time, and that he did not succumb to it was owing to his strong will and excited state of mind, which made him oblivious to bodily weakness. Mr. Pryor's illness was not at first suspected as serious by any except the attending physician, and when his death came, half an hour before the

graduation exercises, it was a severe shock to all. It was decided to have the closing exercises, omitting all music and other expressions of joy, and it was done accordingly. Quietly and in serious tone the exercises proceeded. After some happy words of introduction by the Rev. Rector, Rev. Jos. Delaney of St. Patrick's, Ft. Wayne, arose to deliver the Baccalaureate Address. It was a beautiful discourse on the ideals and progress of Catholic education, delivered gracefully and pleasingly, in a clear, penetrating voice. Then followed the reading of the Class Poem, which is found in this number, and the reading of the Valedictory by Mr. M. Shea, which its author, Mr. Pryor, had composed only a few days before his death. The graduating class numbered thirteen, eight of whom received the degree of A. B. Premiums and distinctions were thereupon conferred upon the deserving students. Gold medals were won by the following: Othmar Knapke, Frank Notheis, John Hermiller, Victor Meagher, Herman Grube, Bernard Condon, and August Wittmann.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop closed the exercises by a few words of appreciation which found an echo in the hearts of all present. Thus closed what was the most joyful as well as the saddest of all Commencements.

#### VISITORS:—

Rt. Rev. H. J. Alerding, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Rev. Msgr. J. Oechtering, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Rev. Chas. Notheis, C.PP.S., New Riegel, Ohio. Rev. Chas. Romer, C.PP.S., Cassella, O. Rev. Thos. Meyer, C.PP.S. Rensselaer, Ind. Rev. B. Boebner, C.PP.S., Ft. Wayne, Ind. Rev. A. Dick, C.PP.S., New Ulm, Minn. Rev. L. Shirack, C.PP.S., Winamac, Ind. Rev. Ed. Riccardelli, C.PP.S., Chicago, Ill. Rev. J. Henkel, C.PP.S., Chicago, Ill. Rev. S. Neiberg, C. PP.S., Sedalia, Mo. Rev. A. Malin, C.PP.S., Chicago, Ill. Rev. R. Mayer, C.PP.S., Huntington, Ind. Rev. Thos. Eisenring, C.PP.S., Ft. Wayne, Ind. Rev. M. Hamburger, C.PP.S., Cincinnati, O. Rev. P. Mullen, C.PP.S., Chicago, Ill. Rev. F. Schalk, C.PP.S., Pulaski, Ind. Rev. D. Schunk, C.PP.S., St. Henry, O. Rev. E. Grimm, C.PP.S., Minster, O. Rev. M. Walz, C.PP.S. Padua, O. Rev. P. Notheis, C.PP.S., Ft. Recovery, O. Rev. D. Brackmann, C.PP.S., Carthagen, O. Rev. D. Schweizer, C.PP.S., Burketts-



ville, O. Rev. A. Laux, C.PP.S., Rome City, Ind. Rev. C. Faist, C.PP.S., Fremont, O. Rev. S. Kunkler, C.PP.S., Chickasaw, O. Rev. Ig. Rauh, C.PP.S., Coldwater, O. Rev. G. Hindelang, C.PP.S., Celina, O. Rev. C. Vogelmann, C.PP.S., Coldwater, O. Rev. A. Gietl, C.PP.S. Collegeville, Ind. Rev. G. Heldman, C. PP.S. Collegeville, Ind. Rev. A. Schmied, C.PP.S., Collegeville, Ind. Rev. M. Zumbuelte, Hanover Centre, Ind. Rev. J. Wakefer, Dunkirk, Ind. Rev. E. Boccard, Delphi Ind. Rev. Wm. Schmidt, Muncie, Ind. Rev. Thos. Travers, Fairmont, Ind. Rev. J. Connelly, Lebanon, Ind. Rev. F. Seroczinski, North Judson, Ind. Rev. A. Vandenbosh, Piqua, O. Rev. T. Conroy, Monroeville, Ind. Rev. Chas. Guendling, Lafayette, Ind. Rev. J. Byrne, Indianapolis, Ind. Rev. L. Eberle, Portland, Ind. Rev. W. Berg, Shererville, Ind. Rev. L. Moench, Mishawaka, Ind. Rev. G. Hoerstman, Remington, Ind. Rev. G. Plaster, Hammond, Ind. Rev. Wm. Sullivan, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Rev. F. Jansen, Frankfort, Ind. Rev. Th. Wilken, Decatur, Ind. Rev. J. Delaney, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Rev. J. Kroll Ft. Wayne, Ind. Rev. M. J. Byrne, Lafayette, Ind. Rev. J. Cogan, Greenfield, O. Rev. J. Berg, Whiting, Ind. Rev. J. Seimetz, Reynolds, Ind. Rev. Wm. Hordeman, Fowler, Ind. Rev. Keyser, Lowell, Ind. Rev. J. Nilles, Freeport, Ill. Rev. Thos. Hoffman, Richmond, Ind. Rev. Ed. Ley, Anderson, Ind. Rev. J. Durham, Union City, Ind. Rev. P. J. Crosson, Logansport, Ind. Rev. J. Guendling, Peru, Ind. Rev. S. Meyer, Jersey City, N. J. Rev. J. Flach, Dyer, Ind. Rev. A. Buchheit, Wanatah, Ind. Rev. G. Schramm, Laporte, Ind. Rev. Jos. Bolka, East Chicago, Ind. Rev. R. Dinnen, Lafayette, Ind. Rev. Ed. Mungovan, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Rev. T. Mungovan, Indiana Harbor, Ind. Rev. J. Shaefer, Chicago, Ill.

Ven. Bro. Walter, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Ven. Bro. Bernard, Maria Stein, O. Ven. Sisters Theodora, Bede, and Pancratia, Remington, Ind.

Messrs. O'Connor, Monahan, Naughton, Bryan, Koenn, Pfeffer, Meagher, Helmig, Vurpillat, Martin, Kocazic, Stoll, Merkle, Mathews, Birong, E. Schmidt, P. Schmidt, Fleck, Cary, Homan, Boerger, Anthony, Reichert, Bernard, Froning, B. Knapke, W. Knapke, Shea, Filey, Lentz, Stelzer, Meyer, Peele. Malay, Hoffman, Doll.

Mrss. Helmig, Hanley, Mathews, O'Connor, Birong, Harrigan, Dye, Kenedy, Atkinson, Thieman. Nagel, Cary, Dine, Notheis, Wellman, Knapke, Bertke, Filey, Mathews Jr., Bisonette, Meyer.

Misses Helmig, Irwin, Thyen, Mathews, Eck, Farrel, K. Lamb, A. Lamb, M. Lamb, Weis, Wellman. Spath.



## Thomas a Becket.

IN the presentation of Tennyson's best play "Thomas a Becket", a tragedy in three acts, the Columbian Society has scored another notable success. The play presents unusual difficulties to amateurs. To mention a few only: The language and sentiment is on a very exalted plane, highly poetical but less dramatic. The play lacks movement, variety and climax, that is, it possesses them not to the degree that a play of Shakespeare does. To awaken, sustain and increase the interest, and to prevent monotony, demands no little power and skill on the part of the actors. The lines of this drama are surely among the most difficult in the whole range of dramatic and elocutionary literature. It may be confidently said that we have overcome the difficulties of this otherwise grand and noble play, and given it a noble presentation, and in doing so we had to rise to heights undreamt of before. We have found pleasure and profit in "playing at councilors and kings", and if we have pleased our friends we are satisfied.

We cannot enter into a detailed criticism of the individual actors, but wish to say that M. Ehleringer as Henry II. was wonderful. He has dramatic abilities of a high order, which appeared most evidently in this play. Mr. Ehleringer has most fittingly closed his long dramatic career at St. Joseph's. Mr. V. Meagher as Thomas a Becket was good. He played an unusually difficult part impressively. He might have risen to greater heights in one or two places, and he had a tendency to sway a little, but all in all, he was a good Becket, especially as he looked the part. The acting of several others was very much enjoyed, especially of Mr. Wittmann and Master B. Brugger.

Thomas a Becket was given to the largest audience that ever assembled at St. Joseph's. A great number of friends from town were present, and their opinion, we think, is well reflected in *The Rensselaer Republican* which has the following:

"The play Thomas a Becket was rendered at the College Auditorium last night to a very large audience, by the college students and with an excellence of acting and a perfection of stage setting that was almost marvelous, even with the high expectations raised by their former great successes in the production of classical plays, So enthusiastic were some of the auditors that they pronounced the production the finest theatrical performance ever seen here."

### Cast of Characters.

Thomas a Becket, Primate of England.....	V. W. Meagher
Herbert of Bosham..... {	Friends of { .....A. Wittmann
John of Salisbury..... {	Becket { .....J. McCarthy
Chrisostom, Benedictine Monk.....	F. May
Dunstan, Becket's servant.....	C. Boeke
Henry II., king of England.....	M. Ehleringer
Prince Henry, heir apparent {	[as boy].....B. Brugger
	[as young man].....D. Fitzgerald
Louis VII., king of France.....	M. F. Shea
John of Oxford, President of the Council.....	Jos. Seimetz
Gilbert Foliot, Mayor of London.....	M. Helmig
Roger, Duke of York.....	O. F. Knapke
Lord Hereford.....	B. J. Wellman
Lord Leicester.....	E. Vurgillat
Sir Jocelyn.....	N. Keller
Robert de Broc, of Saltwood Castle.....	J. Sullivan
Reginald Fitzures.... }	.....F. Gribba
Hugh DeMorville.... }	Murderers of { .....J. Bryan
Richard Brito..... }	Becket { .....N. Allgeier
William Tracy..... }	.....J. O'Donnell
Philip de Eleemosyna.....	I. Collins
Richard DeHastings, a Knight Templar.....	L. Hildebrand
Orville of Walsingham, Page.....	W. Mecklenborg
Prior.....	E. Olberding
First Retainer.....	E. Freiburger
Second Retainer.....	P. Miller
Third Retainer.....	L. Nageleisen
Porter.....	H. Grube
Men-at-Arms.....	P. Graf, W. Donahue, C. Scholl
Soldiers:.....	C. Kloeters, J. Hasset, E. Neumeier, H. Rily, C. Pfeffer, R. Donnelly.

Dramatic Director, Rev. Arnold Weyman.



We were very much pleased to receive the following beautiful letter from one of our Commencement visitors Mr. F. J. Boerger, principal of the schools at Minster:—

Minster, O., June 23, 1906.

To the Editor of the Collegian. Collegeville, Ind.

Gentleman:— In the name of our pastor, Father Eugene and of Brother Cornelius, manager of the altar boys' excursion, permit me to thank the Rev. Rector and the Reverend professors of St. Joseph's College, as well as the good Fathers at the St. Joseph's Brotherhouse, for showing our boys such a royal time. From the rector down to the humblest brother, including every one of the professors, Fathers at the Brotherhouse, Brothers and Sisters—every one considered it an honor to do something for us, to greet us with a pleasant word or smile, and to make us wish to remain a month instead of four days. I have concluded to bring my whole family over next vacation for two weeks and take up quarters at the Brotherhouse.

Collegeville is an ideal place to rest during the summer months. When I looked through the magnificent college buildings, when I sat at table and did justice to meals which are equal to those served at first class hotels, when I slept in beds soft, fresh, and clean, I wished myself a boy again that I might go to just such a school. And when my boys are old enough, to St. Joseph's they shall go.

Very gratefully Yours,

F. J. Boerger.

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## New Books.

IN this department we must not omit to mention something new in the Catholic reading world. A new scheme for a circulating library has been devised by Benziger Bros., which seems to be an excellent one, and promises to bring Catholic reading matter to a larger public; and incidentally to help the authors and publishers, both of whom are in need of encouragement.

We will outline the plans of this *Catholic Circulating Library* in a later issue.

"*Not a Judgment*", by Grace Keon. Benziger Bros. Price \$1.25.

This story is one to arouse much interest and deep feeling. The lost child first awakens sympathy, and afterwards,



the doubtful fate of Dan Farrell. A very pleasing and well drawn character is Mollie Farrell whose concern about the lost child and her brother imprisoned for murder, touches us deeply. The words, "What will they do to Dan?" ever lingers in her mind, and great indeed is her joy when she learns that he is safe.

The story has a happy ending. As the author writes in one place, "Troubles come and joys; troubles go as well as joys". This truth is shown in the denouement of the story. It is excellent reading for any family circle.

I. W. '07.

*"The Lessons of the King"*. Benziger Bros. Price \$.60.

This beautiful little book paraphrases in the simplest language the sublime lessons of the Heavenly King. We never weary of reading the eternal truths, for they are for all of us a perennial source of pleasure, consolation and wisdom. The noblest characteristic of the present volume is its suitableness to all minds, but especially is it adapted for children, since the illustrations of each lesson assist the understanding and stimulate the imagination.

C. F. '06.

*"Portraits"*, by the Rev. D. Bearne, S. J. Benziger Bros. Price \$.50.

This fine octavo volume contains three interesting short stories, biographical in tone, and written with a view to throw some lustre on those finer and more genial qualities of heart which the author discovers by his observations and character-study of the few personages in the narratives.

They are a simple and familiar account of one friend concerning another with whom he has grown up, closely observed, and whom he has learned to esteem as true.

The vein of earnest thought runs through the whole and especially in the dialogue parts which latter are handled with much ease and naturalness. Such a calm and home-like tranquility seasons the style that the little book cannot help but being pleasant reading for one or two settings.

I. C. '07.

## Societies.

**LITERARY and DEBATING.**—If at any time we realized the importance and convenience of parliamentary procedure it was during the several meetings when the revised constitution of the Columbian Literary Society underwent adoption. This finished the year's work and for its successful completion the society owes much to its Spiritual Director Father Arnold and to Mr. E. P. Honan who have spent precious hours in examining and correcting it.

The programs have been up to the required standard and the second disputation was a spirited affair. Among them, those of April 29 and May 20 were most noteworthy. The society has been fortunate through the year in possessing men with energy to undertake the hard task of debating than which nothing is more conducive to the aspiring speaker.

A splendid and complete history of the C.L.S., treating carefully each year, was written recently by the late Mr. Edward J. Pryor. We expect to see it in print with the new Constitution.

The Aloysians have also been greatly benefitted by their society work. This has been evidenced by their last program. Father Ildephonse distributes such selections among the junior members as must bring happy faces before an audience. We congratulate the A. L. S. on their success and especial praise is due to Mr. Otto Muhlenbrink, who, we know, has been untiring in rousing his fellow members to perseverance in their determination to rise. The Aloysians rendered many excellent programs in the past year; among them that of May 27 deserves especial mention.

**Military.** Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the late Capt. E. Pryor and his excellent Co. of Volunteers. We are sure that the Co. is well repaid for the sacrifices the gentlemen brought in contributing to the grand success of our Commencement by the honor that is their's from all students as well as visitors. The latest tactics having been employed and many novel movements introduced, the drills were no less enjoyed by the students and Professors than by the visitors. The Volunteers may be assured that they have dealt creditably by joining this Co.; for, to fully express the true sentiments of all present we should say more than simply repeat the encomiums given to the first Co. of Volunteers ever organized at St. Joseph's: "The St. Joseph's Volunteers gave the spectators a fine military display. They gave a



splendid exhibition of fancy and regulation marching and gun movements. After witnessing this drill by our Company it was the consensus of opinion at the College that no military organization in the history of the military at St. Joseph's has ever given a finer and more perfect drill than that presented by the St. Joseph's Volunteers." Again we congratulate the Lieutenants Jos. Donahue and Vincent Williams, and the Sergeants Leo Brunner and Frank Hanly, on their great success.

B. W. '06.



## Athletics.

### ST. JOSEPH'S VS. LOWELL.

On May 16, we crossed bats with Lowell, and won in a walk-away. Hassar was in good form, striking out sixteen men and allowing but five hits. The game was too onesided to be interesting. The score was 17—5.

Batteries; Hassar and Sullivan; Hays, Gregg and Regner. Umpire, Freiburger. Time— 2:00

### ST. JOSEPH'S VS. BROOK.

May 21st. we easily defeated Brook by a score of 14—3. The only good feature of the game was the fast work of the infield which pulled off three fast double plays.

Batteries—Shea and Sullivan; Crisler, Courtney and Statin and Parks. Umpire Freiburger. Time— 1:45.

### ST. JOSEPH'S VS. ST. VINCENT'S.

May 23rd. will long be remembered at St. Joseph's; for the St. Vincent's College team, which has won from us for the past four years, went down in overwhelming defeat. Last year we had the game well in hand until the last inning when an error at a critical moment snatched the laurel from us and we were beaten. But this year the hoodoo left us and in order to make our revenge complete we gave them



a good drubbing and a shutout. Hassar struck out 17 men and gave but one scratch hit. Kelly suffered such a bombardment that he had to give way to Crawley who fared no better. Fitzgerald with two men on base made the first home-run of the season. The score was 24—0.

Batteries: Hassar and Sullivan; Kelly, Crawley and Flavin. Umpire Freiburger.

#### FRANCISVILLE VS. ST. JOSEPH'S.

On May 26th we played our first game away from home at Francisville and won 4—9. Francisville had the strongest team met by us this year. Hudgins gave only 6 hits but Shea kept them scattered; and we won.

Two base hits Maxwell, Wilcox. Struck out by Shea 11, by Hudgins 9. Base on balls off Shea 2, off Hudgins 1. Wild Pitch Shea, passed ball, Sullivan. Umpire Koster.

#### ST. VINCENT'S VS. ST. JOSEPH'S.

We repeated the performance on St. Vincent's at Chicago but there the game was better. St. Vincent's scored two runs in the first but St. Joe's fast work after that dished up eight goose eggs for them. We fought hard and won out at last in the seventh. Gallagher's batting was a feature and Faurot made some great catches in center. The score was: 2—3.

Two base hits Fitzgerald, Sullivan, and Novake. Double play J. Crawley to W. Case to Deveraux. Struck out by Hassar 7 by Kelly 5. Base on balls off Hassar 3, off Kelly 6. Hit Batsman by Hassar 2, by Kelly 2. Sacrifice hits Faurot, Graf, Kelly (2). Wild pitch Hassar (2). Umpire Morrison.

#### LOWELL VS. ST. JOSEPH'S.

June 2nd. we met our first and only defeat of the season. Lowell had Bohannon the Louisville professional, in the box; but Hassar, St. Joe's star pitcher had the better of the argument, allowing but 5 hits while we touched Bohannon for 8 clean, safe ones. The greatest star of the game was Mr. Slussar who attempted to umpire. The team work of

our boys was somewhat impaired by the absence of Captain Shea. The score was 6—4.

Batteries:—Hassar and Sullivan; Bohannon and Regner.

#### BROOK VS. ST. JOSEPH'S.

We defeated Brook for the 2nd. time on June 9th. by a score of 3—8. Shea pitched six innings and allowed but three hits when he injured his shoulder and gave way to Hassar. Shea and Allgeier led in batting. A large number of St. Joe rooters accompanied the team.

Batteries. Shea, Hassar and Sullivan; Waling and Parks.

Umpires: Fair and Knapke.

#### ST. JOSEPH'S VS. FRANCISVILLE.

June 14, added another feather to our cap and closed the season with a victory. The game was loosely played on both sides but the batting was good. Hassar was also not in usual form but he won out. The result was 6—4.

Batteries: Hassar and Sullivan: Hudgins and Willcox.

MICHAEL F. SHEA, '06.

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## Pleasantries.

### COMPOSITION.

A composition is a very tedious affair. If it could only be made by some big money concern. I believe I would buy one. It consists of various parts. As I do not possess such parts I am not a composition. Its principal element is words. These are looked at very sharply. Some of them are ashamed of themselves and turn red all over. Finally the second element comes, sentences. They say there ought to be sense in a sentence. I do not see any sense in it. A composition has all the sentences of a grammar in it. It has some very declarative sentences in it, mine are very much so. Some sentences are imperative, others are questionable or doubtful and can't be found. I am glad I am no composition. For then I would be divided up into pieces

called paragraphs or sections, but they are not railroad sections. The inventor of the composition ought to have introduced stations too so you could leave the train of thought now and then when you are tired.—Gee! I see “Corning” run out of the study-hall and I am sleepy over this composition. I will close it now. I wonder whether there is any sense in it. E. Fleck.

Mocking Bird. (E)

As if it were a carnival train.

The rooster crowed,

The lamblets lowed,

Some water fell,

Unto the bell,

A steamboat blew,

A train or two,

A dog did bark,

A cat did mew,

And then there bawled some twenty cows.

Interrupted fast

As a wind blew past

And sunk a ship and broke the mast.

A horse did neigh,

A fox did whine,

A goat did bray then burst entwined.

Then a redbird with its time,

Monkeys playing with a spoon,

An idle cawing crow,

Some forty hawks or so,

Did all combine their sound

As a blizzard southward bound.

Then a sudden rushing tone

As a squealing talkaphone.

A chirp or two

As the echoes flew

Into the dawn.

The bird was gone.

“Though this be madness, yet there is method in it.”

—: Max H.



(A Reprint.)

## THE COLUMBIAN HERALD.

HENRY DUES:-Editor.

JOHN HERMILLER:-News-boy

Herald "Want Ads" bring results.

Kind Fathers, beloved students and brethern, 'steemed friends, and boiled guests: I stand before the footlights tonight for the purpose of reading a paper to you. You all know that I am no English shark, but I will do my best to keep you from going to sleep. I will put forth my utmost efforts to entertain you. One thing I will kindly request of you is not to laugh. I respectfully ask Frank Notheis and Mike Cozoopsky to throw anyone out of the building that does not keep order.

You don't need to laugh over there, Faurot, I know that there is many a warm heart under a ragged coat, but in your case it is a vagabond character under a pious face.

Before I read my paper I wish to announce to you that Prof. Griffith will not get to make his usual visit to Collegeville this year, however he will be supplanted by Ben Meiering who will read "The House that Jack Built", "Old Mother Hubbard" and "Dickery Dickery Dock," accompanied by Anthony Schlaman on the rattle bones.

Before I read this paper, honorable Gentlemen, I kindly request that Mr. Dowling and Mr. Scholl take that gum out of their mouth. Furthermore, all those in the rear of the room will please come to the front. I shoot at a small distance.

Although Collegeville is no metropolis, many things are recorded in its annals to be proud of. Many students have entered the merchantile and classical world and in both have become models. Take for instance Bailey, the man endowed with the rare characteristic of natural music; Hon. Raphael Black, formerly of River Row, of this city has left

our midst and is now a "Tobacco Magnate"; Quinlan the predominate character on the gridiron, Jimmy Hasset that rode the hog around the world, and Ernest Bickel the perpetual sleeper.

It has been decided by the "Etiquette Committee" of Collegeville that the right place for the napkin is on the lap. But what about Freiburger who is so fat that he has no lap? Should we not out of brotherly love get a special dispensation for him?

John Selgrath, you need not to have that watermellon smile on you since Max Harte is going to give his farce.

Sullivan:—What does Gnibba remind you of when he doubles up?

O'Donnell:—A question mark.

#### BOEKE POULTRY COMPANY.

I pay the best price for all poultry, 2c for old hens, 3c for fat hens and 7c for old roosters.

Will someone please have Bro. David catch Joe Kraebel and give him a shave.

Vurpillat brought a book into the Columbian the other day showing it to Seimetz who said: "A book like this makes my hair stand up straight.

Vurpillat:—It didn't effect me that way.

A new skating rink has been established at Collegeville. It is a modern, up-to date rink, equipped with all the latest conveniences. It is well ventilated, polished, and has a large seating capacity. This rink is for flies and mosquitoes only, and will be found on the barefooted part of Bryan's head.

The Bingers had an elegant repast which consisted of the following.

Roasted Watermelon.

Buzzard Necks. Sliced Woodpeckers.

Grasshopper Hams. Snake Ears. Hot Weanies on Ice.

Noodle Soup.

While returning from a base-ball game the other day, Urban Fox stumbled over the Minim Building, bumped his head on the left dome of the Indian School, thus receiving severe injuries.

You may sit there in the audience and laugh at me Keller, but if I did not have this game leg you never would have been Major.

#### NEWS FROM THE COUNTRY-SIDE.

Keller was in town to-day and bought some bran for his cattle.

Joe Bryan says he'll 'low he'll plant his corn soon.

Seimetz and Quinter have gone into the hog business.

McCarthy and Muehlenbrink went up town one day and ordered a chicken. When it was brought in McCarthy asks Otto what part he wants, who says: "If you don't mind I'll take the brown meat, the white meat, the breast, the thigh, the legs, the wings and the liver," to which Mac responds: "If you don't mind you can have the "bill" also."

Well, I guess I'll have to quit reading this paper, as I see that none of you are paying attention to me. There's Pierce back there, trying to read his prayer-book and pay attention to me at the same time.

Over there is Donahue trying to read a love-letter. Its a wonder he would not pay attention to his manager.













